From Admiral Evans' Book---A Sailor's Log

In the Attack on Fort Fisher.

At this moment I saw Colonel Lamb, the Confederate commander, gallantly standing out on the parapet and calling on his men to get up and shoot the Yankees. I considered him within range of revolver, so I took a deliberate shot at him. As I fired, a bullet ripped through the front of my coat across my breast, turning me completely around. I felt a burning sensation, like a hot iron, over my heart, and saw something red coming out of the hole in my coat which I took for blood. I knew, of course, that if a bullet had gone through this portion of my body I was done for; but there was no place to stop, so I went on at the head of my company. As we approached the remains of the stockade I was aware that one particular sharpshooter was shooting at me, and when we were a hundred yards away he hit me in the left leg, about three inches below the knee. The force of the blow was so great that I landed on my face in the sand. I got a silk handkerchief out of my pocket, and with the kind assistance of my classmate, Hoban Sands, soon stopped the blood, and again went to the front as fast as I could.

In the meantime my sharpshooter friend, about thirty-five yards away, continued to shoot at me, at the same time addressing me in very forcible but uncomplimentary language. At the fifth shot, I think it was, he hit me again, taking off the end of one of my toes, tearing off the sole of my shoe, and wrenching my ankle dreadfully. I thought the bullet had gone through my ankle, the pain was so intense. For some reason, I don't know why, this shot made me unreasonably angry, and, rolling over in the sand so as to face my antagonist, I addressed a few brief remarks to him; and then, just as some one handed him a freshly loaded musket, I fired, aiming at his breast. I knew all the time that I should kill him if I shot at him, but had not intended to do so until he shot me in the toe. My bullet went a little high, striking the poor chap in the throat and passing out at the back of his neck. He staggered around, after dropping his gun, and finally pitched over the parapet and rolled down near me, where he lay dead. I could see his feet as they projected over a pile of sand, and from their position knew that he had fought his last fight. Near me was lying the coxwain of my boat, Campbell by name, who had a canister ball through his lungs, and was evidently bleeding to death. When he saw the result of my shot, he said, "Mr. Evans, let me crawl over and give that —— —— another shot." He was dead almost before I could tell him that the poor fellow did not require any further attention from us.

An Exciting Convalescence.

After a very comfortable trip, all things considered, we arrived at Norfolk at daylight in the morning, and hauled alongside the wharf at Naval Hospital. We were landed without delay, and I found myself on a comfortable bed in a large, clean-looking ward. I slipped my revolver under the pillow, and pulling the blankets up to my chin, went to sleep and did not awaken until 10 o'clock that night. The surgeon in charge and his principal assistant were standing by the bedside, and after a careful examination of my wounds they retired to the end of the room for consultation, when I distinctly heard the senior one say, "Take both legs off in the morning." I did not get much sleep that night, but I did do some very serious thinking.

The following morning the assistant, who was a personal friend of mine, came in, and after a few words of greeting, began to tell me how seriously I was wounded, and how dangerous wounds about the kee were. I saw at once that he hated to tell me what he was going to do to me, so to relieve the situation I told him I had overheard the conversation the night before; that I had thought very seriously of the matter, and that I preferred to die with both my legs on; that I was only eighteen years old, and the thought of living my life without my legs was more than I cared to face; that as the legs belonged to me, I thought I had a right to say what was to become of them; and that I asked the doctors to do what they could for me with my legs on, and if I died it was no matter. He heard me very quietly, and I thought with sympathy, but when I had finished he said: "You know, Evans, orders have to be obeyed!" Thinking that he had misunderstood me, I went over matters again, and wound up by asking that they put me out on the lawn on a cot rather than cut me to pieces; that I would find some one to take me to a hospital farther North. Again came the reply about obeying orders. Reaching over, I pulled the gun from under my pillow; I told him that there were six loads in it, and that if he or any one else entered my door with anything that looked like a case of instruments I meant to begin shooting, and that he might rest perfectly sure that I would kill six before they cut my legs off. This brought matters to a crisis at once, and in a few minutes the surgeon in charge came in very angry and full of threats. But the result was that they left my legs on, and paid very little attention to me in any way for two weeks, when they found I had fever and must be looked after.

An International Boat Race at Hongkong.

The first mile of the course was packed on either side with boats crowded with people and covered with flags, and must have presented a beautiful sight to those who had time to observe it. I was not able to see much of it. I was busy watching that red-colored French barge, and occasionally glancing at the fourteen hard-set, anxious faces in my boat. At last we were on the line, oars pointed forward, feet firmly braced against the stretchers, mouths shut like steel traps, and every muscle and nerve tense almost to the point of breaking. "Are you ready?" and then "Go!" came from the starter. With one beautiful flash of the oars we all caught the water together, and were off. I could feel my heart thump in my throat as I saw, with one eye, the light French-built boat shoot out half a length ahead of us, and with the other eye the fourteen faces all turned on mine. Three hard, quick strokes had set us going, and for a moment the red barge seemed to be tied to us, so even was our pace; then I could see my starboard bow-oar slowly, inch by inch, dip out ahead of her. About five hundred yards from the start was a bunch of American boats crowded with yelling lunatics, and as I approached them I spoke a word to the crew, signaled the stroke to rise to forty, and before the Frenchman knew what had happened to him he had our wash, and, barring accidents, the race was won. Then we settled down to our long, swinging, thirty-two strokes, which were to last the rest of the distance. The French crew began yelling when we passed them, and I believe they kept it up to the finish.

It struck me as about the worst use I had ever known a racing crew to put their lungs to, but it pleased me immensely to have them do it. At the turning buoy we were thirty seconds ahead, and on the pull we gained one minute. Crossing the finish line, I tossed oars for a second as the gun flashed, and then pulled to the ship at the same racing speed. As I shot alongside, the tackles were hooked and the boat run up to the davits, crew and all. All hands tumbled out on deck, and when the Frnch barge crossed the line our boat was queitly hanging at the davits, as if nothing had happened. It was only a boat race, it is true, but it was a grand one, and we won it.

The African "Republic of Liberia."

After a walk of five minutes over a bare, sunbaked clay hill, without one sprig of anything green, where the naked negro children were playing, unconscious of their nakedness, we came to the humble home of President Roberts, of the Republic of Liberia. He had been raised a slave near Petersburg, in Virginia, and I found him a person of pleasing manners and assured ability—just the man to preside over the destinies of his fellow-Africans. He had gathered his Cabinet about him, and I was presented to the different members—the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Treasury, and so on through the list. During the conversation that followed I heard the rustling of a silk dress, and instinctively rose to my feet. There before me stood a short, neat, very black woman, and, without waiting for an introduction, I shocked myself by saying, "How do you do, aunty?" to which she replied, with a courtesy, "Very well, thank you, sir." I was instantly aware of my mistake in so addressing the wife of the President, but was relieved of all embarrassment by the hearty laugh of Mr. Roberts, and the query, "What part of the South do you come from, captain?"

The German Emperor as a Guest.

At 1 a. m. the emperor expressed a desire to visit and inspect the engine room. And so we did. He looked into every hole and corner, and even had us disconnect one of the engines, marking time on us himself. Then we went through the gun deck and out on to the forecastle, where he asked how long it would take to close all the watertight doors. I replied that in the day time we could do it in thirty seconds, but at night it would take about two minutes. Much to my surprise, he asked if I would mind doing it for him. Of course I had to say yes, but when I tried to blow the siren, the signal to close the water-tight doors, there was not steam enough, and the blessed thing would not blow. The emperor thought he had me, and said, "Now you see, captain, you can't close your bulkheads." But he did not know everything. I said, "You will see in a moment, sir," and I touched one of the general alarm buttons, which calls all hands to the quarters, and in a few seconds the men were swarming up like rats.

The emperor took the time himself, and in one minute and a half the entire ship was ready for action with all water-tight doors closed. It was 2 a. m., the royal standard at our main and the searchlight of the Columbia turned on it, the ship was ready for action, and the emperor complimenting the captain on the forecastle. I find myself in some funny positions.

When we went aft, where every one could hear him, he said, "Captain Evans, I can not imagine that a ship could be in better condition"—very nice for all of us. He left the ship at 2 a. m., and all Germany has been reading accounts of it since.

I can recall very vividly how surprised I was when at 5 o'clock the same morning my orderly called me out of a sound sleep to report that the officer of the deck said that the emperor was just then passing the ship, steering his own yacht. My only reply was, "For Heaven's sake don't stop him!" I managed to get one eye open, and, looking out of an air port in my cabin, discovered him, dressed in white flannels, steering the Meteor bound for an ocean race, and looking as if he had never taken a drink or smoked a cigar in his life.

The Surrender of the Vizcaya.

Presently a boat came alongside bearing Captain Eulate, Commander of the Vizcaya. That was a sight I shall never forget as long as I live. In the stern, supported by one of our naval cadets, sat the captain, covered with blood from three wounds, with a blood stained handkerchief about his bare head. Around him sat or lay a dozen or more wounded men. In the bottom of the boat, which was leaking, was a foot or so of blood-stained water and the body of a dead Spanish sailor which rolled from side to side as the water swashed about. The captain was tenderly placed in a chair and then hoisted to the deck, where he was received with the honors due his rank. As the chair was placed on the quarter-deck he slowly raised himself to his feet, unbuckled his sword belt, kissed the hilt of his sword, and, bowing low, gracefully presented it to me as a token of surrender. I never felt so sorry for a man in all my life. Of course I declined to receive the sword, or rather I instantly handed it back to Captain Eulate, but accepted the surrender of his officers and men in the name of Admiral Sampson, our commander-in-chief. My men were all crowded aft about the deck and superstructure, and when I declined this sword the brave hearts under the blue shirts appreciated my feelings and they cheered until I felt ashamed of myself.

As I supported the captain toward my cabin, he stopped for a moment just as we reached the hatch, and drawing himself up to his full height, with his right arm extended above his head, exclaimed, "Adios, Viscaya!" Just as the words passed his lips the forward magazine of his late command, as if arranged for the purpose, exploded with magnificent effect.

THE WONDERLAND OF PUNA AT HILO'S BACK ENTRANCE

Hilo Tribune—How many people in Hilo are aware of the wonders that lie almost at their doors? It is the correct thing to make the ascent of the volcano and gaze for a space on the weird and majestic spectacle presented by the fiery pit of Halemaumau, surrounded by the enormous crater of Kilauea. Many hundreds have made this trip, but very few have given a thought to the minor marvels that are more easily accessible in the Puna district. Yet these latter will well repay a day spent among them, and the visitor will return deeply impressed with the strange and contradictory sights of that region and with its great commercial potentialities.

Such were the impressions made upon a large party which on Thursday last enjoyed an excursion over a considerable area of Puna, on the invitation of Mr. L. A. Thurston, president of the Hawaiian Mahogany Lumber Company.

The prime objective was to visit the mahogany company's mill and forest, and to witness the operation of converting ohia timber into railroad ties. For reasons that will appear, this program was varied so as to take in many other sights of interest. Leaving Hilo by train about 8 a. m., the party was rapidly carried past Waiakea plantation, through a rough and stony tract, to the station at Olaa mill. Branching off here from the main line, the railroad runs across the great lava flow of 1848, which is some thirty miles long by ten broad. Over the greater portion of this area, the former deep and rich soil is covered over and hermetically sealed from sight and use by a hard deposit of volcanic rock, in most places flat as a table, but occasionally showing hummocky heaps and deep fissures. But grass is already growing luxuriantly on the barest parts, diversified by trees and shrubs, and Mr. Shipman has large herds of cattle grazing on this rocky plateau.

Arriving at the village of Pahoa, the huge structure of the ohia tie mill bursts on the view. The mill dominates Pahoa; it fills Pahoa; it is Pahoa. As Fate would have it, the big mill was in sulky mood, and refused to show off to the party on arrival. Perhaps it had got insufficient notice and determined to show resentment. At all events, the bursting of a small steam pipe had brought the mighty monster to a standstill. The weather also took a fit of the sulks. Its frowns and tears deterred the voyagers from making a trip to the forest on flat cars. What was to be done? The best cure for the sulks is to leave the subject severely alone. So thought Mr. Thurston, who suggested a railroad tour of Puna, including the breakwater quarry, until Pahoa should have recovered. So as the result of a little accident, much additional instruction and entertainment were obtained.

Traveling slowly through the lava country, the visitors were able to observe and learn much regarding this land of contradictions. Here were several small volcanic cones, one of them composed entirely of fine cinders piled up symmetrically. On parts of this hill, steam is at times seen arising, showing that the internal fires are not yet quenched. The crater of a cone adjoining this is occupied by a little lake, whose waters have a bright green hue as seen from the crest of the hill.

About a mile nearer the coast, but too far off for the party to visit on this occasion, are warm springs, whose waters have great virtue in the treatment of rheumatism and may also prove to be beneficial in some skin diseases. There is a possibility of these waters being made available for sufferers. The railway now goes so close to them that it is believed if a few cottages were built, and attendance provided, many afflicted people would be glad to go there and be healed. Even those who need no physician would find at these springs a place for rest and contemplation, far from the madding crowd.

Now the train is off on its journey over an unballasted track leading to the quarry. Slow is its progress, and it is well that it is so, for at a sharp curve the front wheels of the engine leave the rails and the train is brought to a stop so gently that one can hardly believe it is off the line. While the practical people of the party busy themselves with getting the engine back to the path of rectitude, the merely curious division find something else to wonder at. Very considerately, the stoppage had been planned to take place on the very brink of a great rift in the volcanic rocks. "The Bottomless Pit," it is called, because hitherto no one has been able to sound it. The curious ones gather around the mouth of the pit and gaze awestruck into its black depths. Large stones are hurled into the abyss, while ears are strained to catch the sound, or the echo of the sound of them striking the bottom; but not even the faintest reverberation reaches the upper air from that mysterious vestibule of the Nether Regions.

"All aboard!" The cry is a welcome relief from the contemplation of the weird-looking pit, and a short journey lands the party at the face of the quarry. This quarry is a natural wonder in itself. It seems as though Mother Nature had made an effort to supply material for the breakwater, ready for Contractor Metzger to haul away and dump into the sea. For some miles a section of country appears to have subsided, leaving a bank of solid rock exposed, from 40 to 10 feet high. When the subsidence took place, huge blocks were broken off, and they are lying around in large numbers. In the main, however, the wall is intact, and to get out the stone tunnels have to be driven, in which charges of powder are placed and exploded to dislodge and disintegrate the mass. The fruits of one such explosion were to be seen, and Japanese were at work driving other tunnels for fresh blasts. This is arduous and dangerous work, as the men have to hew at the solid rock in the tunnels, while the overhanging mass is proped by timber to prevent it falling prematurely.

In front of this natural wall the party were grouped and duly photographed, after which the back journey on the train was resumed. As they went along the visitors had an opportunity of observing how the stony country around is brought into cane cultivation. The larger stones are gathered from the surface and built into huge circular mounds, many of them having trees, ferns and other verdure growing on them, giving a quaintly picturesque aspect to the landscape. Then the cane is planted and cultivation goes on among the smaller stones and rich volcanic soil. The result is fine fields of cane growing in a stony land, where there are no streams, and without irrigation. Another of the peculiarities of this region is that, while its temperature is higher than that of Hilo, the air is kept refreshingly cool by the rains and by the fresh sea breezes that freely circulate.

So fertile is the Puna land that it will grow almost anything. The coffee plantations here were successful from a cultural point of view, and they were only abandoned because of the prevalence of ruinously low prices. The Puna sugar plantation, now in the hands of a receiver, does not owe that position to any fault of the soil or climate. There were formerly 2200 acres under cane; now there are 1540; and under the management of Mr. John Watt, of Olaa, the acreage will soon be as great as before. Rubber grows well in this district. The plantation is looking very healthy; the flow of rubber gives splendid promise; the only problem in this conection is whether a sufficient supply of cheap labor can be obtained to enable the industry to be profitably worked.

On the way back to Pahoa, a halt was called under the shadow of the volcanic cones formerly referred to, and the parlor car in which the party traveled was for the nonce transformed into a dining car. Host Panos of the Hotel Demosthenes had purveyed quite an elegant luncheon, and this was thoroughly enjoyed by the voyagers. All were in the best of humor when Pahoa was reached; the mill had recovered from its sulky fit, and after an inspection of the monster at work, the party returned to town, well satisfied with the varied and interesting program of the day.

A GLIMPSE OF SAMOA

Life at Pago Pago

By Mary H. Krout in the Sydney Herald.

The United States has greatly improved the harbor of Pago Pago, or Tutuila, which is one of the finest in the Pacific. The islets of Tau, Olesinga and Ofu are also included in the American cession. All along the dangerous coast lighthouses have been placed at close intervals, and the entrance to the harbor is so narrow and at right angles with the land-locked stretch of water that the view of the ocean is cut off completely. The mountains by which it is encircled are very lofty, clothed with heavy forests of breadfruit and other tropical trees, so precipitous in many places that they would defy the most seasoned mountain climber; while their crests are so sharp that not even a goat can make its way along them. Within these impregnable, natural ramparts is a stretch of water so deep and so great in extent that it has been thus described by the former Chief Justice Chambers:

"The harbor could hold the entire naval force of the United States, and is so perfectly arranged that only two vessels can enter at a time. The coaling station, being enclosed by high mountains, can not be reached by shells."

My first view of Pago Pago was in the month of February. We cast anchor at 9 o'clock—a cloudy, moonless night. The gradual approach to the harbor was beautiful beyond description. The sea, without a ripple, reflected the after glow following the sunset, its glassy surface disturbed only by the leaping of the bonita, a fish dear to Samoan epicures. The lights began to gleam from the lighthouses here and there, giving one a strange impression of approaching familiar shores. It was quite dark, however, before we anchored, and we were immediately surrounded by the natives in their outrigger boats, offering their wares—beautiful baskets, mats, necklaces of shells, tapas and fruits—to the passengers on board the steamer, the bargaining conducted over the rail, and the purchases being drawn up by long lines, after the money had been thrown down to the native.

Tutuila being American territory, no duty was charged on these wares, and baskets and pieces of tapa, which are sold in Honolulu for $3 (12s.) each, were eagerly disposed of for 2s., or 50c.

We left the steamer and paid a call upon Governor Moore, as he was ordinarily addressed, on board the antiquated Adams, an old wooden ship, so obsolete as to be almost a curiosity. A dance had been given that evening—in the absence of electric light the deck was dimly lighted with lanterns—in honor of two beautiful native girls from Apia, well educated, well bred, and charming. They were the guests of Captain Charles B. T. Moore, then commandant of the station, and Mrs. Moore. Captain, or, as he was more often called, Governor Moore, had been in command of the station for some time, and his great object had been to initiate the Samoans into the art of self-government. He was very proud of the fact that they had paid for the construction of their roads and the maintenance of their schools, the head master having been brought out, not from the United States, but from London.

Shortly before my arrival a dispute had arisen over the price of copra between the traders, always on the alert to take advantage of the natives, and the chiefs of islands within the Governor's jurisdiction. The Samoans sent a deputation to him asking that he decide the case on its merits. This he refused to do, but suggested that the villages each select a delegate to a council when they themselves could arrange satisfactory terms with the traders.

They endeavored to do this, but as the days passed and no agreement was reached they sent a second conference to the Governor telling him that it was impossible for them to agree. They expressed themselves willing to abide by any arrangement which he suggested, feeling that their rights would be protected. He finally consented and the affair was arranged if not to the entire satisfaction of the traders, at least to the Samoans.

After an interesting visit on board the Adams, we returned to the Sonoma.

The way back to the ship was lighted up by flaring torches on the boats, which were gliding here and there over the inky waters, and we had glimpses of the frowning cliffs, dark and mysterious, which hemmed us in, with the snow white frigate birds, startled from their sleep, flying about their nests.

Returning later, we made Pago Pago at 5 o'clock—a cloudless, burning, tropical morning. By daylight we had a full view of the steep, dark cliffs, the narrow stretch of level land at their base, where are clustered the few foreign houses and thatched huts of the natives. The barracks for the native constabulary were within the domain of the naval station, with the soldiery off duty lolling about the veranda at their ease. Their costume was tasteful and suitable in the extreme, but one thought it would be instantly tabooed by certain reformers in the United States, did they but know what it was and was not.

It consisted simply of a dark blue lava-lava, a skirt, or drapery, extending from the waist to the knee, with two narrow scarlet stripes above the hem. The feet were bare, as were the splendid bronze torsos, the head covered by a gracefully knotted scarlet 'kerchief, harmonizing with the scarlet stripes of the lava-lava. Stalwart, huge of stature, they walked with a swinging stride, their superb bodies free and unhampered by the clothes of civilization.

The premises of the naval station, in their entirety, were in that spick and span state of order and tidiness characteristic of the United States naval stations and army garrisons everywhere. No litter of any sort lay about, no disused bales or parcels, giving one an idea of what could be done to clean up our American cities could they be taken out of politics and handed over to the naval or military authorities—the only sort of control under our triumphant democracy that really controls.

A broad sloping path, well graded, and bordered by beautiful tropical shrubs, led to the Governor's residence, a fine, modern house upon a jutting promontory, commanding a magnificent view of the bay and the environing mountains. With its polished hardwood floors, wide verandas, and perfect ventilation, it has been admirably planned. The Samoans have been converted to Christianity by the missionaries—chiefly those of the London Missionary Society, which has large schools and missions on Tutuila. At nightfall the families gather in their huts for prayers and hymn-singing, and as no two families select the same tune, the effect is more easily imagined than described.

The converts have adopted the clothes of civilization, at least for their churchgoing, girls and women wearing the holoku invented by the New England missionaries in Hawaii—a flowing skirt attached to a close-fitting yoke. It is said that when on their way to church, clad in their best, carrying their Bibles carefully wrapped in spotless white pocket-handkerchiefs, the interchange of greetings, shouted back and forth between the converts of both sexes, would hardly pass in polite society—an indication that, although professedly Christianized, they are still in effect true children of nature.

A young officer had been relieved, and was to return to San Francisco with his family. He had been a great favorite with the natives, and as a tribute to his many excellencies they composed a chant in the Samoan language, expressing their affection, reciting his virtues, his courage, his kindness, their sorrow at parting, and their desire that the President might send him back. The family came out to the steamer in a launch, escorted by scores of native women of the better class, all bringing gifts of tapa, fruit and baskets, many of them weeping bitterly at parting. The young officer was rowed off to the ship in one of the great war canoes, with more than 30 men at the oars, the leader standing, as is the custom amongst the Maoris. The slender, pale American, in his white clothes, seated high in the stern of the canoe, was a conspicuous figure, in contrast with the brawny, brown Samoans, their dark skins glistening with perspiration, most picturesque in their lava-lavas and scarlet headkerchiefs. As they left the landing stage, at a signal from the leader, the rich voices broke forth, at first in unison, then the deep notes of the bass, like the diapason of an organ, rolling and reverberating across the water. The effect was thrilling, as the chanting rose and fell, now sinking away, then bursting forth in increasing volume of the richest harmony. They swept around the ship in a wide circle, and when the chanting came to an end, escorted the young officer on board. There the final ceremonies of the parting took place—the making and drinking of kava, which was passed from hand to hand, and the rubbing of noses. Then, with many tears, the poor creatures left the ship, and the vessel sailed away.

T. RAIN WALKER SUFFERED A FALL

The death of Mr. Thomas Rain Walker occurred in London and was due to a fracture of the skull caused by a fall. Word has been received from Mr. T. Clive Davies giving details of the matter. It appears from what Mr. Davies writes that Mr. Walker was in London at the time and that he fell backward heavily at the foot of a small flight of stairs in the hotel in which he and Mrs. Walker were staying. The fall was so heavy that a fracture of the skull was caused. The accident took place at 9:30 at night on September 22, and by 4 a. m. the next day Mr. Walker's condition was so serious that an operation was decided on as the only means of saving his life. Unfortunately, all efforts proved unavailing, and Mr. Walker died during the forenoon of September 23.